

SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's. We make the following selections from the leading articles of the September number of "Lippincott's Magazine." Miss Kate Field, in her article entitled "A Pre-Raphaelite at Saratoga," thus describes the famous races:— "Here's a carriage for the races!" "Now's your chance, gentlemen!" "Carriage, sir!" "Carriage, ma'am!" "Just step in and I'll drive you right off!" Such are the cries that "make the welkin ring" every morning during Race Week. To the course we will go. It exhausts our urgent patriotism, so we need to the urgent jurisdiction of the least rascally-looking hackman visible, we hold parley:— "What is the distance?" "One mile and a half." "What do you charge to take us to the races and back?" "Ten dollars."

agree with his constitution. He is a good-looking man, of fine physique, with an olive complexion and dark monachose. The owner of Muggins— "What's in a name? That which we call Muggins by any other name would win the race— sits on the fence, and victory sits on him. Farther off—but why go on? Patrons of the turf are many, "thoroughbreds" are few, and after the *genus equus* has shown its metal, the *genus homo* makes little headway in the estimation of observers. Once, Saratoga was a whitened sepulchre; now it is a sepulchre without any whitewash whatever. Once, the fashion of New York, Philadelphia, and the South met here and gave tone to the life; now, the *crema de la crema* is a bad quality of skimmed milk, and Saratoga is a huge caldron, bubbling over with vice and frivolity. The American passion for living in caravansaries is gradually cooling, and there is little doubt but in the course of time we may emulate the English in a love of country pure and undefiled. The old fishing town of Nantucket is thus described by William B. Drake:— Nantucket now has a "body-of-death" appearance such as few New England towns possess. The houses stand around in faded gaudy style—the inhabitants have a dreary look, as though they live in the memories of the past. To him who has travelled in the Old World a visit to Nantucket forcibly recalls reminiscences of continental towns. There is that same mossy quiet, the same irregularly high and low, the same queer and quaint forms of architecture—gambrel-roofed houses, monstrous chimneys, and walks upon the housetops; many of the people, too, bear in their faces marks of German pliegh rather than Yankee "cuteness. The resemblance between certain French villages and this Massachusetts town is historically explained. About the beginning of the present century a number of Nantucket merchants and mariners settled in France, under the auspices of the French Government, to carry on the whaling and its branches. They carried America to France, and brought back France to America. Upon their return they were as complete "Moussers" as you would see in a century, and Nantucket found the benefit thereof. Mr. G. F. Emory thus depicts Stratford-upon-Avon, in an article entitled "An American in Warwickshire":— Eight miles the other side of Warwick is another town, the most famous of any in the shire—a place which has been the Mecca of thousands of Stratford-upon-Avon. The same quiet levelness marks the way as was enjoyed before, the sleepy Avon now and again crossing the road. How odd it seems to think of a railroad in so old a town! Yet, just as we near the clustering houses, the shriek of the locomotive is heard upon the air, as it hurries thundering along upon its iron path, breaking harshly in upon the calm silence. Brick, unmitigated red brick, is the material of which most English towns are built, and the principal street is lined with this painful color. Chance leads us to the "Shakespeare Inn," which, though seldom visited by tourists, is an interesting place, as it is one of the most unique specimens that fall to our notice. The quaintest, coziest low-storied room it has, so fresh and clean, in each of which is a portrait of the immortal bard, inscribed with the title of one of his plays, sometimes seeming to have a double significance. Over the coffee-room is the "Tempest," referring probably to the traditional storm in a teapot; over the parlor, "Love's Labor Lost," a sly allusion, no doubt, to the many flirtations which are reported to have taken place in the country; and the bedroom is labeled "Taming of the Shrew"—it is a double room; while a pithier neighbor, of stentorian habits, enjoys a "Midsummer Night's Dream." Everything is redolent of the poet; even the knives and forks bear his name, and he is spoken reverently, his mug shines upon the china. A young lad, a cripple with one leg hanging uselessly at his side, offers his services as guide. All Americans employ him, he says, and he boasts of having piloted Artemus Ward around the place. "He asked me," says he, "if Shakespeare had all the wit there was in the country, and I told him he left a little for me." But, to pedestrians, guides are enormities, and declining his proffered services, we proceed to the school where the poet imbibed "little Latin and less Greek"—a small uninteresting building, which consumes very little admiration. A narrow by-path across the fields, where daisies and buttercups are nodding their sunny heads, leads to Ann Hathaway's cottage, whether the lover often walked as the dim twilight stole upon the earth or as the bright moon shone over the face of nature, shedding light upon the mysteries of her pages, we do not know, but the scene is His works most shadow forth the greatness of His glory. Tall trees wave gracefully at the corners of the hedges, and just beyond the creaking turnstile tumbles a crystal brook, here and there forming an ambitious pool, that eddies round and round, trying for the embrace of the overhanging turf, or in stillness makes gem-mirrors for the angels. Twelve bare-headed children—one in arms—with alluvial deposits upon their chubby faces, contend for the honor of being gate-keeper. As an example to the English of strict neutrality, each and all are allowed their turn to save the baby (not a first-class power), and they troop away noisily to their homes, happy in the possession of a few bits of "Britannia." The place where Shakespeare must have passed many of his happiest hours is an humble cot, with dwarfed windows and a thatched roof, around which lies a snug garden. Over it runs sparsely trained ivy, that elapses the stones together with an affectionate grasp. The occupants courteously invite us in, but a glance betrays the meanness of the interior, and we decline, and return to the town. On Henley street, one of the principal thoroughfares, is the residence of the poet, on the outside appearing new, but internally giving evidences of age. A few pieces of furniture stand in the bare rooms, the walls fairly black with the autographs of visitors, and the window-panes scratched similarly; and on the latter the signature of Scott is to be seen. The woman in charge waxes with a jealous eye lest we perform a splinter as she conducts us from the kitchen to the spare room, and as she lets a visitor out from the low portal seems to give a sigh of relief. The village church, with a slight, tapering spire that points its finger towards heaven, lies near the Avon, with whispering trees overhanging it, in the bosom of a quiet "God's Acre."

edition of Byron's works. There was a biography of Byron in that volume, written by Mr. J. W. Leake, who, forty or fifty years ago, was editorially connected with *Galignani's Messenger*. In 1857 among a variety of autographs which I purchased from this Mr. Leake—who then was aged and poor—was the identical half sheet of paper (it was the pre-arranged period) which enclosed the letter. It is addressed, undoubtedly by Lord Byron himself, to the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, Paris, and is authenticated by postmarks and postage figures. I still possess it. "Of the fac-simile given in *Galignani's* large volume of Byron, numerous copies have been made. During the last twelve months five copies of the letter have been placed before me for my opinion, as 'an expert,' as to their respective genuineness. Two were roughly executed, but one was so well done that it would have deceived almost any one. Byron forgeries are more common than any other. In 1862 I detected some of them in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris, side by side with palpable imitations of Shelley, and strange to say, of poor Count d'Orsay, who had died not long before, and was a Parisian 'to the manor born.' "As I am almost certain that Messrs. Galignani never parted with Lord Byron's original letter, I am inclined to suspect that the old shopkeeper mentioned in last month's 'Gossip' must have copied the copy which *Galignani* published in fac-simile." In the [agreeable "Monthly Gossip" we find the following:— There are many anecdotes which illustrate the intelligence of animals. The following is an instance of what we are accustomed to call humanity. Signor Blitz, the magician of Philadelphia, is remarkable for his success in training canary birds, these animals, as is well known, being more intelligent and possessing a larger brain in proportion to the size of their bodies than almost any others. Now it happened that one of Blitz's best performers went blind. The other birds, instead of neglecting or persecuting it, as frequently happens among wild animals, treated it with the greatest kindness. When the food was placed in the cage, the others would stand back until the blind one had eaten his fill; and then they would chirp from the perch, so that he might be guided by the ear in finding it again. This he would always do after a few trials. The Galaxy for September is better and more entertaining than usual. Mr. Charles Lannan furnishes an interesting article on angling, in which occurs the following reminiscence of Daniel Webster:— We come now to Daniel Webster, our foremost statesman, and, so far as his tastes were concerned, our greatest seaman. It began his career as a fisherman when only fifteen years old, with a pin-hook, in a New Hampshire brook, and was on his way to a trout-pond near Plymouth when he met with the sad accident which undoubtedly hastened his death. When in the prime of life he was an expert trout fisherman, but as time rolled on he became partial to the fishes and scenery of the sea, and never was he so happy as when fishing for cod or pollock in his yacht off the coast of Marshfield. He had a passion for every kind of fish, of fishing, and of fishermen; delighted in giving dinners to his angling friends; and he once said to his friend, William W. Eaton, that two of the most agreeable days of his life were those when he received from the writer a box of salmon from the coast of Labrador, and on another occasion, a present of trout from the Upper Potomac, the secret of his enjoyment having been the fact that, on both occasions he was tied to the Department of State by his official duties, and the fish reminded him of their wild and lovely haunts, and helped him to gratify his friends. To his mind, a pure running stream and a deep, tranquil lake were among the most poetical objects in nature, and when in the presence of either he seemed to forget the great world of trouble and care, and to be especially thankful for the gift of life. Three bright particular mornings, which the present writer was permitted to spend in his society, can never be forgotten; the first was occupied in taking a drive along the lovely Merrimack, when he explored the wherry and wherever the apparently wild and uncontrolled movements of the salmon into Lake Winnepesaukee in the olden times; the second was devoted to a long and quiet sail in his yacht fleetwing, off the coast of Marshfield, with Captain Seth Peterson in command, when he went fully into the history of the sea-serpent fantasy; and the last of those famous mornings was when he captured a mammoth bass at the Little Falls of the Potomac, and uttered a triumphant shout, long, loud, and clear, which, had the breeze been favorable, might almost have awakened the sleeping congressmen in the city of Washington. But long before the ensuing summer he was at rest, and forever on the pleasant hill which overlooks the home of his old age, and the wide blue sea." Mr. James Franklin Fitts gives some of his army experiences under the head of "Facetiae of the War":— Orders from headquarters were often made the subjects of mirth to the command; and none were more properly so than one which was promulgated to the troops of Western Louisiana on the national Thanksgiving day of 1863, "by command of Major-General Franklin." The blunder of a staff officer connected two very diverse subjects in the same order, and the regiments at dress parade were astonished and amused with the following:— "HEADQUARTERS, ETC., NEW IBERIA, LA. "General Orders No. —, To—:— To—:— To—:— The national Thanksgiving day is observed accordingly by divine service in each regiment and battery. "If a table of rank will be issued to each enlisted man of the command." We had in Sheridan's army a colonel who had graduated at West Point—a very good officer, barring his inclination to make a great display of himself and his knowledge upon all occasions. I stood near the General, on the top of a hill overlooking the enemy's position, one afternoon, when Colonel D., then in command of a brigade, was sent for to report to Sheridan in person. He came, and the following colloquy ensued, to the amusement of three or four staffs who stood by:— "Colonel," said the little man, motioning with his hand to a patch of thick wood a mile in front, and well to the right, "do you see these woods? Take your brigade and move over there. If there is anything there, find out what." Here was a glorious chance for D. to air his acquisitions, and he was filled with the idea of showing the General that he knew tactics as well as the best. With an elaborate salute with his sword, he asked:— "General, shall I first form brigade lines of regimental columns by division, doubled on the center? Or would it be better to move by parallel regimental columns by company, right in front, or—?" "To the devil with your nonsense!" broke in Sheridan, squeaking poor D. with the snap of his eye. "Take your brigade over there, in line, and save your tactics for the next drill."

It was said that the colonel was never half so much of a martinet after that short interview with Sheridan. Dr. John C. Peters gives an interesting account of the origin of the cholera:— English physicians have long since decided that this great fear of Bigginugar is another prolific cause of cholera. We have already pointed out many of the causes of the disease at these festivals, but we have still to mention that much of the food used by the devotees is prepared and sold by the priests in the temples. Dr. Nardoo says it is always greasy, often acid, and sometimes almost putrid. The pilgrims eat it with eagerness, taking no notice of its condition, taste, or quality, as they are deeply impressed that any scrutiny is blasphemous. They drink very sour tye, and feel themselves refreshed and very much satisfied for the first twenty-four hours. But on the second or third day all the contents of the stomach are ejected, they had food, acid drinks, wet clothes, exposure to the night air, exhaustion, dissipation, absence of surface, cleanliness and drainage begin their operation, and soon attain great intensity. The etiology of Bellary is only a few miles away from Bigginugar, and, in consequence, since 1818 up to the present time, cholera has never for a single year been absent from Bellary. It is situated on a granite rock five hundred feet high. On its surface only a scanty vegetation grows, and the soil at its base is equally sterile and dried up beneath the fiery rays of the Indian sun. There are no marshes, rivers, or dense and exuberant vegetation, which may afford cholera a congenial soil; but the burial place of each successive English regiment bears sad testimony to its permanent and unrelaxing activity. The disease prevails severely in the barracks on the rock, in the native town and bazaars immediately adjoining it, and breaks out every year just after the festival at Bigginugar. It was seen that cholera is brought into the city of Bombay every year, from ninety-four shrines in the Presidency, and from Bombay the disease is frequently distributed up the Persian Gulf to Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor. Also up the Red Sea to Mecca and Medina, and from thence to Suez, Cairo, Alexandria, and to all the countries in Asia, Africa, and Europe, bordering on the Mediterranean sea. The river Ganges is lined with sacred places, from its mouth in the Bay of Bengal up to its origin in the Himalaya Mountains. Sagar Island, Gaya, Patna, Benares, and Allahabad, all have vast pilgrimages made to them every year, and from which cholera is often carried. But the most sacred spot of all on the Ganges is Haridwar, where the river first emerges from the mountains and descends into the plains which it is to fertilize and bless. We condense the following account from Robertson, Jagannath, Bruce, Percival, Ferguson, and others. The Ganges is a holy river to the Hindus, being supposed by him to come down directly from heaven. In the language of the Ramayana, its bright waves flashing from Paradise, upon the peaks of the mountains, while gent and many of the heavenly host, clothed in their gleaming garments stand gazing upon it. The cloudless air about it shines with the light of one hundred suns; the skies are coronated with vivid colors; the earth gleams on every side with its white foam; Vishnu's stairs are beside it, by which the souls of the elect can ascend to heaven. Its waters are not only pure, but also wash away all sin, spot or stain." Mr. N. S. Dodge tells an interesting story about a collision at sea. He was a passenger, several years since, on the Cunard steamer Arabia, returning to this country. The steamer was near Cape Race and the fog was thick:— It was half-past eleven as I was about quitting the deck to turn in. The cabin passengers had been long abed, and stateroom lights were all out. Save the sailors on the watch, the men at the wheel, and a senior and junior officer on duty, there was no one astray. Passing the compass on my way to the companion ladder, I observed that the ship's direction was nearly west-southwest. "You have changed her course since eight bells," said Mr. Jones. "Only half a point sir, and hardly that." "And why a half point, pray? Or why change her course at all?" "To give the Cape a wide berth, sir. You see this dead reckoning, in the long run, isn't very reliable, especially with such currents as we have hereabouts." "Where away does Cape Race lie, Mr. Jones?" "Just above the bows in the direction of the red light swinging from the halyard yonder." "My hand was on the guide of the ladder (which alone saved me a minute afterwards from being hurled overboard) as I turned to go down, saying:— "Good night, sir. No more news of the ice, eh?" The words were scarcely uttered, when a call that sounded like the peal of doom came from the lookout forward:— "Sail on the weather now, sir!" "Where away?" instantly shouted the officer in command. "Not so sooner were the words uttered (and before we could be returned) they were followed by orders so sharp and imperative as to be heard through the ship. "Hard a port! Hard a port! Jam her down, sir, jam her down!" In an instant the ship, answering her helm, began to swing from her bearings, when, directly in the line of our bowsprit, emerging from the mist, appeared the black lines of an ocean steamer, under full headway, and of such monstrous size, that it seemed inevitable she must send us to the bottom. It was the Europa, bound from Boston to Liverpool, and here, in mid-ocean, under full steam, had met her consort, on this one parallel of latitude of all others, as if to falsify the prediction forever, that the Cunard line was bound to be lucky. Bows on, head to head, the two ships rushed together. The shock was fearful. Our rate of speed was nearly thirteen knots. Hers was as great, so that at a momentum of more than five and twenty knots an hour, two steamers, each of nearly three thousand tons berth, were hurled into collision. Following the crash, that crumpled our timbers ten inches square as if they had been chalk, was the stagger of the ship, like an ox stung by the blow of an axe, the lift of the huge Leviathan almost bodily out of the water, and the dash of billows as she fell back into the trough of the sea and careened heavily on her side. Of course there was not a soul on board who was not aroused to apparent instant death. Passengers, sailors, engineers, firemen, waiters, and officers, were for the first moment mixed together in almost hopeless confusion, and as one after another of various classes appeared on deck, a continued series of crosses purposes rived the hour. Order, however, is not only Heaven's first law, but the first law of human beings in time of danger. In less time than it takes to narrate it, the captain was on the wheelhouse giving orders through his speaking trumpet to the crew, and conversing with the captain of the Europa across the space the steamers had drifted apart; everything resolved itself into rule at once. There could not be discipline more perfect. Every man

was at his post. Not a word was spoken beyond the orders given, and repeated, and the "aye, aye, ah," in response. Slowly, steadily, and calmly sails were furled, rigging made taut, fire extinguished, boats lowered and manned, lead thrown, line lights burned, and examination made by the carpenter and his men of the damage sustained and the danger awaiting us. Meanwhile the passengers, male and female, steeage and cabin, whose slumbers had been rudely enough disturbed by a concussion that had thrown the sleepers from their berths as if the risk of limb if not of life, were crowding half-a-deck, upon deck. The frantic cries of our *prima donna* and her Italian maids, imploring the aid of the Virgin, plied through the ship. Anxious questions were asked of each other as the group thickened about the stack-pipes, which none could answer. No one was bold enough to make an inquiry of an officer; and every sailor was heedless of all save the authority which kept him up to the duties of the moment. Just over our bows, at a distance of two hundred feet, more or less, the huge bulk of the Europa kept appearing and disappearing in and out of the fog, her paddle-wheels mowing back and forth to free her pumps—for she was leaking badly—her boats unshipped from their davits in readiness to lower to the water, and blue lights flashing up and dying away from her amidships. Outside of the frightened, semi-nude crowd on our own deck, were the measured march of the sailors manning ropes and hawser, the shouts of the under officers to men in the rigging, and the quick reply, the hoarse conversation carried on between the two commands from the paddle-wheel boxes, the noisy rush of steam blowing off through the pipes, and the unrelaxing and swinging of the boats over the side, the pulleys and tackle made sure to run free from knots and kinks. For more than an hour and three-quarters we stood upon the deck without being able to learn one word of the real nature of our danger. To those of us who knew anything of seamanship, there were orders continually given by the captain which indicated that the good ship must be in a sinking condition, and yet we hoped they were provisions, as they proved to be, rather against a contingency than a certainty. Just as impatient remarks about the unnecessary delay in giving us information as to the state of the ship began to be overheard, the captain descended from the wheelhouse and came towards us. All eyes were bent upon him. He was a man of cold temperament and few words; but what he said was usually to the purpose. It was unmistakably so now. "Passengers, the Arabia has collided with the Europa. This ship is not injured. The Europa leaks, and will put into St. John's. We shall follow her. You can go to bed." "Can our lamps be lighted?" asked a passenger—for, by a ship's rule, the lights once out may not be relighted. "Yes! Steward, light up for fifteen minutes." "Can we have the saloon for a prayer-meeting?" asked an active Connecticut parson, who, having been busy distributing tracts with very hopeless results during the voyage, looked upon the opportunity now presented as providential. "Prayer-meeting!" exclaimed the captain, using an interjection that showed he, at least, needed to be prayed for; "prayer-meeting! why, bless your soul, it's past two in the morning. Better go to bed, and hold your prayer-meeting by daylight." The Europa put into St. John's. The Arabia did not; but made her way in a disabled condition for New York, it having been ascertained, after the steamer was got up, that her machinery was damaged by the concussion, and it would need the help of the Novelty Works to fit her again for sea. This is not the place to discuss nautical rules. Nothing can be more abstruse. No two navigators ever agree upon their application. They are not unlike metaphysics, as defined by the Scotch dominie:—"He that's listening does na' ken what he that's talking means, and he that's talking does na' ken what he means himself." You should have put your helm a-starboard, said a port, Mr. Jones, and then this cursed misadventure would never have happened," said the captain of the Europa, when our boat boarded her. "If I had," replied the officer, "your bows would have struck the Arabia amidships, and every soul of us gone to the bottom." The Cunard Company was too wise to have the question argued in the courts. By the admiralty rules each ship should have put her helm hard a-starboard. By the higher rule of self-preservation, the order "Hard a port" on the Arabia could not have been wrong, since the ship and those on board were saved. The Cunard Company pocketed the loss and promoted the officer.

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